

THE TIMES.

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[WHOLE NO. 231.]

From the Greensboro Patriot. Memoir of George C. Mendenhall.

In a short notice which recently appeared in the Greensboro Patriot, touching the death of the late George C. Mendenhall, a desire was expressed, that some one fitted for the task would furnish for publication a suitable memorial, comprising a brief sketch of the life of one who was so highly esteemed for his many virtues, and who, for many years, had acted so prominently a part upon the stage of life. Fully aware that many much better qualified than myself might be found to perform this duty, nevertheless, at the solicitation of some of his most intimate friends, I have undertaken to comply with the request—and in order that the sketch might be as full and perfect as possible, I have availed myself of a long and intimate friendship and acquaintance with the family, and visited them in their affliction, and learned from them not only many facts connected with his public life and professional duties, but also, the exercises of his mind and heart as manifested and exhibited in the social circle of home.

George C. Mendenhall was the youngest son of George and Judith Mendenhall, of Jamestown, Guilford county, N. C. He lost his father at an early age, and was brought up by his mother, a pious widow, in the Society of Friends. Left with a small estate, by his own exertions, with the aid of his mother and elder brothers, he obtained a plain and substantial education, and was enabled to read law with Hon. Thomas Settle and Hon. John M. Dick, and came to the Bar about the age of 21 years, about 1818. By his industry, energy and ability, he soon secured a large and lucrative practice in an extensive circuit.

In 1821, he married Eliza W. Dunn, a pious and estimable lady, who died about twelve months thereafter, leaving one child—James Rudin Mendenhall.

In 1828-29-30, he was a member of the State Legislature in the House of Commons. In 1832, he married Delphina E. Gardner, a highly intelligent and eminently pious lady—a member of the Society of Friends.

In 1833, he was a member of the Legislature in the Senate. In 1841-42, a member of the House of Commons.

In the legislative councils he was liberal, practical and conservative. An ardent friend of education and internal improvement, he spared no effort to advance the interest of his State, by aiding and fostering these two important sources of enlightened civilization and national greatness. He was a special advocate of common schools, and ever cherished a lively interest in those of a higher grade.

In 1840, he was appointed trustee of the University. In 1844, was elected president of the board of trustees of Greensboro Female College, which position he filled for several years, with great usefulness, and resigned in consequence of other engagements. In 1857, he engaged with others in establishing a female college at his native village, and devoted his means and influence liberally to the interest of the institution until the period of his death.

In professional bearing he was highly exemplary; courteous and respectful to the court, kind and agreeable to his brethren—particularly to the younger members of the Bar—faithful and true to his client. And having a true love of his profession, he pursued it with laudable zeal and untiring industry, and his well earned acquirements gave him a distinguished rank among the eminent jurists of his time.

With the spirit of genuine hospitality, he greatly delighted in entertaining his professional brethren, his acquaintances generally, and particularly those belonging to the Society of Friends, in whose religious doctrine he acknowledged unwavering confidence. Through life, he was a believer in the Christian religion, and often lamented that he had not lived in more perfect obedience to its dictates; and some who knew him best, have the comforting assurance that a few months previous to his death he experienced a decided change and was endeavoring to conform his conduct entirely to the requirements of the Christian character; and they are much strengthened in their hope from the fact that from the beginning of the present year, he seemed to be "loosed from his infirmities."

The news of his sudden and unexpected death, which happened March the 9th, by being drowned in a rapid stream on his way home, was heard with much regret throughout the State and the wide circle of his acquaintances; and the sad intelligence to his stricken family, who were waiting his return, was most overwhelming.

In all the relations of parent and husband he was gentle, mild and affectionate. And this imperfect tribute may be appropriately closed in connection with two touching incidents, beautifully exhibiting the tender unity that dwelt in his happy home.

Before leaving home the last time, he asked his wife to write him a small poem, and gave "Water" as the theme. During his absence, she endeavored to comply with his request, and the piece written closed with lines almost prophetic, in allusion to the music of the waters.

[We have been furnished, by a friend, with a copy of the above mentioned beautiful poem, which we think appropriately inserted here in whole. Eds. Times.]

THE DIAMOND OF THE FOREST.

Where breath of birds and breath of flowers
Give sweetness to the woodland bowers,
Where waving grass and graceful fern
Indistinct towards a treasure turn
And hoary bend, a soft curve
Upon the shining face to press;
There, in a mass of crystal hid,
Half hid beneath the alder shade,
The Diamond of the Forest lies,
And smiles beneath the smiling skies.

Child of the everlasting hills,
Yet fabled of all living rills,
A leaf a straw, might turn aside
The pathway of its silvery tide;
But on from strength to strength it grows,
Though rocks, though mountains interpose—
For He who hails the mountains be,
Hath hid the rill to seek the sea;
And who shall stay it? On it goes,
'Till in the boundless deep it flows.

And deem not that an idler's race
It runs, to seek a resting place;
Come, where the bird-song gushes up
In praise for this cold water cup;
Come, where Saponah's odorous banks
Send up the incense of their thanks;
Where deeper, richer, lovelier green
On beech and elm and oak is seen,
A tender verdure on the pine,
A freshness on the muscadine,
The woodland wears a brighter gloss,
More dewy softness wears the moss,
To point the thirsting to the wave,
Even from its cradle to its grave.

Our rill is to a river grown,
Its sands are changed to ponderous stone,
And playful, glittering fishes glide
Beneath its shelving shores to hide—
Where in the days of "long ago,"
Whole herds of famished buffalo,

SAPONAH, the Indian name for Deep River

And many a doe and spotted fawn
Kind Nature's sweetest draught has drawn,
Then dropped the pavilion on the hill,
And fastened ate and drank their fill.

Here, riding from his lonely knee,
The thoughtful, fearful child may see
A page of history on this stone,
Which the most not soon to own;
This little, ancient arrowhead,
Calls up a hero from the dead;
Does Truth or Fancy see him now,
With princely form and plumed brow,
With robe of furs and wampum belt,
O'er heart that fear hath seldom felt,
A Chief, with bow and arrows armed,
Oh, how this scene his eye hath charmed,
Before the proud Canadian race
Unrumped the red man's dwelling place.

These bits of Indian lore can tell
The Indian loved this lovely dell;
That on these banks his wigwam stood,
That here he sought and found his food;
His faithful wife here tilted his corn,
And here his loved spouse was born;
Here Mother Earth, with open breast,
Received his river to dreamland rest.

For thirst and hunger here ceased,
For pain and weariness here eased,
For hope revived and strength renewed,
With childlike trust and gratitude
How oft his brave heart thrilled and glowed
Toward his great, though unknown, God!
Not all unknown, but seen afar,
Truth's glorious sun, to him a star.

A pile and proud and powerful race
Unrumped the red man's dwelling place;
Why flows the stream, why beams the sun,
For lands where deeds so dark are done?
The Indian fabled like a dream—
Still shines the sun, still flows the stream,
And deeper yet its channel wears,
And fuller yet its tide it bears,
For still the more its bounty gives,
Ten-fold more bounty it receives,
Earth pours her tributes, and from Heaven
The lustrous, liquid pearls are given;
Its voice is changed, we hear no chimes
Like soft, low, lulling nursery rhymes—
But old, historic ballads fall
Upon the ear most musical!

And pines, palms and antheus flow
In solemn notes, distinct and slow,
To thrill the heart, to bid the ear
Of him who hath an ear to hear
The melodies and harmonies
Of far departed centuries:
Back, back to Eden's streams they flow,
These sweet old tunes of "long ago."

Though dear the harp of forest trees,
When played on by the gladdening breeze
That comes with blessings on its wings
To pour upon all living things;
Mine be the harp of ocean rocks,
That, wave-touched, gives the deep, full tones
Of "Many Waters"—sounds that rang
When all the stars of morning sang,
And joyous shouts were sent abroad
By all the adoring sons of God!

Mine be the harp of ocean rocks,
My harp be the tide that mocks—
That drowns in its harmonious waves,



And hark in its deepest caves,
All voices—the song of joy,
The lullaby and the war cry!

In her last letter, she begged to be remembered in his prayers, and when his will was opened, which went down with him, the following lines were enclosed with it:

A BEREAVED PRAYER.

Thou great and holy Father,
That rulest everywhere,
Oh, listen to thy servant,
Oh, listen to his prayer:
He prays Thee not for blessings
To rest upon his life,
But asks Thee with blessing in mercy
His pure and guileless wife!

Great God be always with her
When storms and sorrows come,
Do Thou forever love her
Until Thou call her home!
Make bright her earthly journey,
Make pure her loving heart,
And from all sin and sorrow,
Still cause her to depart!

Bind on her brow a chaplet
Of Thy mercies and Thy love;
And, oh, teach her to remember
The God who calls her home!
Teach her loving heart be constant,
Teach her soul the sunny way,
Which is even, ever leading
To a bright and endless day!

Oh, listen, God of Heaven,
To my sad distant prayer;
Do Thou scatter grief of pleasure
Around her every where!
Be Thou constantly beside her,
Till she rests within the tomb;
And in mercy do Thou guide her
To her far, dear, dear home!

Louisiana Canebrake.

Canebrakes form a prevailing feature in many of the marshy regions of Louisiana, as well as in other of the southern states. The peculiar nature of the plant which there occupies the soil, renders a canebrake different from every other kind of growth. It is well known, in its dry state, throughout most parts of our country, being extensively used for fishing-poles, and to some extent in manufactures.

The cane grows in one long, slender, upright stalk, from ten to twenty feet in height, giving out but a few thin leaves, especially when close together. Though hollow, it possesses great strength; for it is jointed, and the texture is compact, and the external part is formed of a hard shelly substance containing silica. When green, it is also tough; and the difficulty of penetrating a canebrake at any season of the year is so great as to be but seldom attempted, except where paths have been formed, by either cutting away or trampling down the canes when young. Paths once opened, and frequently traveled, remain passable, except when overgrown by the water—a state in which many of them often lie for a considerable part of the time. But when several paths cross each other, nothing is more easy than for a passenger to lose his way; for the tops of the canes often bend over and meet above his head, so as to shut out a view even of the sky. Some idea may be formed of the peculiar appearance of a canebrake, by the illustration on this page.

"If a man die shall he live again?" And once a year have the daisies answered it, and every day has the morning testified, and yet the world is murmuring still "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The Candidates.

The Baltimore convention have placed before the people two "National Democratic Tickets." We have selected from some of our exchanges the following brief sketches of the lives of the respective candidates, as impartially written, we presume, as the excited state of the public mind would admit of.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

John C. Breckinridge is thirty nine years old and Vice President of the United States. He is a Kentuckian, born near Lexington, January 16, 1821, and is a scholar, lawyer, and soldier. For these pursuits he was educated at Centre College, Princeton, Transylvania Institute, and on the field in Mexico, where he served as major of infantry. After the close of the Mexican war, he returned to his practice at the bar, but was soon elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and very soon after that again to the National House of Representatives, where he served from 1851 to 1853. During the latter period he was offered the nomination to Spain by President Pierce. This was a glittering temptation to a young man, but after a short reflection the proffer was modestly but firmly declined, because his business and personal affairs required home attention, because of his desire to withdraw for a time from public life. This purpose he obeyed until the Cincinnati convention in 1856, by its spontaneous suffrage, afterwards confirmed by the people, made him Vice President of the United States. By virtue of this office he is now presiding over the American Senate. His term of office expires on the 3d of March, 1861, but he has already been returned to the Senate to represent the State of Kentucky from that day until March 3, 1867.

Major Breckinridge is in person about six feet high, with a little, well-knit, graceful form, moulded for activity and strength. His first election to Congress was a wonderful achievement. The district for which he was returned was the district and home of Henry Clay, a man for whom Major B. always entertained an exalted opinion. The district was Whig by a majority of sixteen hundred. His competitor, Gen. Leslie Combs, was one of the shrewdest tacticians and ablest debaters in Kentucky. Yet, Mr. Breckinridge, beating down this heavy majority and this strong antagonist, was elected by a majority of more than five hundred. The result was a subject of remark in all political circles. In his second canvass the Whigs evinced a resolute purpose to recover the district, and brought into the field Gov. Letcher; an experienced campaigner, of great ability and established reputation, and altogether the strongest Whig in the State. The canvass was of the hottest kind, and as many will remember, the interest and excitement spread over the whole country. But the second victory of the rising young democrat was even more signal than the first.

Following this came the proffered mission to Spain and its modest destination. Then the spontaneous call to the Vice Presidency, then his election to the Senate, and now his nomination for the Presidency.

GENERAL LANE.

Gen. Joseph Lane, the candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Breckinridge, is a native of North Carolina, and is in the 56th year of his age. At an early age his father settled in Kentucky, but shortly afterwards the subject of this sketch settled in Indiana, where he became a mercantile clerk until 1822, when barely of age he was elected to the Legislature, and was re-elected for a period of twenty four years. In 1846, on the breaking out of the Mexican war, he resigned his seat in the Indiana Senate, and entered Captain Walker's company of volunteers as a private. He was, however, before leaving for the seat of war, unanimously elected Colonel of the Indiana Regiment, and in a few days after was appointed by President Polk as Brigadier General. He immediately joined Gen. Taylor on the Brazos.

The heroic conduct of Gen. Lane throughout the whole war, both under Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott, gained for him the proud title of the "Marion of the army." At the close of the Mexican war he returned to Indiana and followed the pursuit of a farmer, but was soon appointed Governor of Oregon, whither he proceeded overland in advance of the expedition of Col. Fremont, so many of whose men perished on the route. Gen. Lane performed the trip in six months, although several of his men,

fearful of starvation, deserted. Gen. Lane served as Governor of Oregon until the election of Gen. Taylor, when he was superseded, but soon after he was elected a delegate to Congress, and in 1850, when the territory was admitted as a State, he was elected a United States Senator, a seat he still holds.

MR. DOUGLAS. The subject of this paragraph was born in the town of Branston, in the State of Vermont, on the 24th of April, 1813, and is now in the 47th year of his age. His father, whose name he bears, was a native of New-Hampshire, in New York State, where he was a practicing physician. He died, leaving two children, one of them the subject of this notice, who was but two months old at that time.

Stephen A. Douglas, at the age of fourteen years, apprenticed himself to learn the trade of cabinet-maker, at Millbury. At this trade, he wrought for two years, and getting wearied of it, he sought the means of procuring an education. He was admitted as a pupil in the Canandaigua Academy, and at the same time studied law with an attorney of that village, and while there evinced a fondness for politics. In 1833 he moved to Illinois, and for some time taught school in the village of Winchester, in that State. While engaged in teaching school he still continued his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. In the following year, at the age of 22 years, he was appointed State-Attorney by the Legislature, which office he resigned in 1836 to take his seat in the Legislature. He was the youngest member of the House, but soon was remarked for his industry in legislative matters.

The first position of importance which he took in legislation was in opposing the extension of the "wild-cat" banking system; but the majority was opposed to his views, and the extension measure was carried. He was in favor of a measure putting the railroads completely in the power of the State. He subsequently held, for a short time, the post of Receiver of the Land office at Springfield, Ill. By this time, he became a prominent politician, and ran for Congress in 1838, but was beaten by five votes. He stumped his State for Van Buren for the Presidency in 1840. In December, 1840, he was elected Secretary of State, and in the following February was elected by the Legislature a Judge of the Supreme Court. He was subsequently twice elected as a member of Congress, but only served one term, when he was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1847. While a member of the lower House he took strong ground on the question of our Oregon boundary, and belonged at that time to the 54-40 party.

He has always been an advocate of internal improvements; favored the Mexican war; voted for the Independent Treasury bill, and has always repudiated the power of Congress on the question of citizenship in the States; opposed the Wilmot Proviso, and expressed himself in favor of the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific. He has always been a friend to the Homestead bill. During Pierce's administration the Kansas Nebraska bill came up. Mr. Douglas was chairman of the Senate Committee under which the bill came, and finally engineered the passage of that measure. This doctrine of "popular sovereignty," with other things linked together, are questions of the day well known to our readers.

In 1856 he stumped the State of Illinois for Mr. Buchanan, and to his indefatigable exertions the Democracy are indebted for their success in that campaign. In return for this kindness, Mr. B.'s friends used every exertion in their power to defeat Mr. Douglas in the canvass of 1858, when he was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. He has ever been a firm and unwavering Democrat, and has rendered that party more efficient service than any other statesman now living, if not even any one dead. He is well known as the "Little Giant of Democracy," and well does he merit the title.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON. (The following sketch of Mr. Johnson, the nominee on the ticket with Judge Douglas, is condensed from the sketch of his life given in "The Historical Collections of Georgia," published in 1853. Hence, his career since that date is not given.)

Herschel V. Johnson was born in Burke Co., Georgia, in 1812. In early life he enjoyed all the facilities for intellectual improvement, which his native country afforded. He entered the University of Georgia in 1831, and was graduated in 1834. He selected the law for his profession, and opened his office in Augusta, where he acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. In June 1841, in the State convention of the Democratic party, Mr. Johnson was brought forward as the candidate for Congress, but being a member of the convention, withdrew his name and urged the election of Howell Cobb. In 1843, Mr. Johnson was unanimously selected as elector for the seventh district to support Mr. Polk. In 1848, Hon. Walter T. Colquitt having resigned his seat in the United States Senate, Gov. Towns appointed Mr. Johnson to fill the vacancy. The career of Col. Johnson in the Senate was brief, but brilliant. The distinguished statesman, Calhoun, more than once declared him the ablest man of his age, then in the Senate. In November 1849, he was elected by the Legislature Judge of the Superior court for the Ocmulgee district. In this responsible position he did not disappoint the expectations of his friends. During the excitement of the compromise measures in 1850, Georgia was divided into two parties; the Union and the Southern Rights. Mr. Johnson threw himself into the ranks of the latter, but when Georgia, in her State convention, resolved to acquiesce in the compromise,

he was among the first to declare the causes which led to the organization of the Southern Rights party, had ceased to exist. In 1853, Judge Johnson was nominated and elected Governor of Georgia. As a public speaker, Gov. Johnson enjoys an enviable reputation. On the hustings he has few equals. As a man, his public and private character is without stain, and at the age of 28 years, without any advantageous circumstances to aid him, by mere force of talent and weight of character, he has won his way to a proud distinction among the leading spirits of his country.

MR. DOUGLAS' LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE. The following is Mr. Douglas' letter to the Committee, accepting the nomination for the Presidency:

GENTLEMEN:—In accordance with the verbal assurance which I gave you when you placed in my hands the authentic evidence of my nomination for the Presidency by the National Convention of the Democratic party, I now send you my formal acceptance.

Upon a careful examination of the platform of principles adopted at Charleston and reaffirmed at Baltimore, with an additional resolution which is in perfect harmony with the others, I find it to be a faithful embodiment of the time-honored principles of the Democratic party, as the same were proclaimed and understood by all parties in the Presidential contests of 1818, 1832 and 1850. Upon looking into the proceedings of the Convention also, I find that the nomination was made with great unanimity, in the presence and with the concurrence of more than two-thirds of the whole number of delegates, and in exact accordance with the long established usages of the party.

My indefeasible purpose not to be a candidate nor accept the nomination in any contingency, except as the regular nominee of the National Democratic party, and in that case only upon conditions that the usages as well as the principles of the party should be strictly adhered to, had been proclaimed for a long time and become well known to the country. These conditions having all been complied with by the free and voluntary action of the Democratic masses and their faithful representatives, without any agency, interference or procurement on my part, I feel bound in honor and duty to accept the nomination.

In taking this step, I am not unmindful of the responsibilities it imposes; but with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, I have faith that the people will comprehend the true nature of the issue involved and eventually maintain the right. The peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union have been put in jeopardy by attempts to interfere with and control the domestic affairs of the people in the Territories, through the agency of the Federal Government. If the power and duty of Federal interference be concluded, two hostile parties must be the inevitable result. The one inflaming the passions and ambition of the North, and the other of the South, and each struggling to use the Federal power and authority for the aggrandizement of its own section at the expense of the equal rights of the other, and in derogation of those fundamental principles of self-government which were firmly established in this country by the American Revolution as the basis of our entire Republican system.

During the memorable period in our political history, when the advocates of Federal intervention upon the subject of slavery in the Territories had well nigh precipitated the country into revolution, the Northern interventionists demanding the Wilmot proviso for the prohibition of slavery, and the Southern interventionists, then few in number and without a single representative in either House of Congress, insisting upon Congressional legislation for the protection of slavery, in opposition to the wishes of the people in either case, it will be remembered that it required all the wisdom, power and influence of a Clay and a Webster and a Cass, supported by conservative and patriotic men—Whig and Democrat—of that day, to devise and carry out a line of policy which would restore peace to the country and stability to the Union. The essential living principle of that policy, as applied in the legislation of 1850, was and now is non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories. The fair application of this just and equitable principle restored harmony and fraternity to a distracted country.

If we now depart from the wise and just policy which produced these happy results and permit the country to be again distracted, if not precipitated into revolution by a sectional contest between pro-slavery and anti-slavery interventionists, where shall we look for another Clay, another Webster, or another Cass to pilot the ship of State over the breakers into the haven of peace and safety? The Federal Union must be preserved. The Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts. Every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enjoyment. The judicial authority, as provided in the Constitution, must be sustained, and its decisions implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered and the constitutional authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance suppressed.

These things must all be done with firmness, impartiality and fidelity, if we expect to enjoy and transmit, unimpaired, to our posterity that blessed inheritance which we have received in trust from the patriots and sages of the Revolution.

With sincere thanks for the kind and agreeable manner in which you have made known to me the action of the Convention, I have the

honor to be, very respectfully, your friend and fellow-citizen,
S. A. DOUGLAS.

The Protest of the President.

The protest against the action of the Covode Committee, sent to the House by President Buchanan on Monday, repeats the line of argument used in a previous and similar protest. In conclusion, the President says:

Should the House, by the institution of Covode committees, votes of censure, and other devices to harass the President, reduce him to subservience to their will, and render him their creature, then the well-balanced Government which our fathers framed will be annihilated. This conflict has already been commenced in earnest by the House against the Executive. A bad precedent rarely if ever dies. It will, I fear, be pursued in the time of my successors, no matter what may be their political character. Should secret committees be appointed with unlimited authority to range over all the words and actions, and, if possible, the very thoughts of the President, with a view to discover something in his past life prejudicial to his character from parasites and informers, this would be an ordeal which scarcely any mere man since the fall could endure. It would be to subject him to a reign of terror from which the stoutest and purest heart might shrink. I have passed triumphantly through this ordeal. My vindication is complete. The committee have reported no resolution looking to an impeachment against me; no resolution of censure; not even a resolution pointing out any abuses in any of the Executive Departments of the Government to be corrected by legislation. This is the highest commendation which could be bestowed on the heads of these Departments. The sovereign people of the States will, however, I trust, save my successors, whoever they may be, from any such ordeal. They are frank, bold, and honest. They detect delators and informers. I, therefore, in the name and as the representative of this great people, and standing upon the ramparts of the Constitution which they have ordained and established, do solemnly protest against these unprecedented and unconstitutional proceedings.

There was still another committee raised by the House on the 6th March last, on motion of Mr. Board, to which I had not the slightest objection. The resolution creating it was confined to specific charges which I have ever since been ready and willing to meet. I have at all times invited and defied fair investigation upon constitutional principles. I have received no notice that this committee have ever proceeded to the investigation.

Why should the House of Representatives desire to encroach on the other Departments of the Government? Their rightful powers are ample for every legitimate purpose. They are the impeaching body. In their legislative capacity it is their most wise and wholesome prerogative to institute rigid examinations into the manner in which all departments of the Government are conducted, with a view to reform abuses, to promote economy, and to improve every branch of administration. Should they find reason to believe, in the course of their examinations, that any grave offence had been committed by the President, or any officer of the Government, rendering it proper in their judgment to resort to impeachment, their course would be plain. They would then transfer the question from their legislative to their accusatory jurisdiction, and take care that, in all the preliminary judicial proceedings preparatory to the vote of articles of impeachment, the accused should enjoy the benefit of cross-examination of the witnesses, and all the other safeguards with which the Constitution surrounds every American citizen.

If in a legislative investigation it should appear that the public interest required the removal of any officer of the Government, no President has ever existed who, after giving him a fair hearing, would hesitate to apply the remedy. This I take to be the ancient and well-established practice. An adherence to it will best promote the harmony and the dignity of the intercourse between the co-ordinate branches of the Government, and render us all more respectable both in the eyes of our own countrymen and foreign nations.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

REV. DR. BELLOWES.

This windy New York divine has been recently refreshing the people of Cincinnati with a blast from his instrument. His reverence is always blowing up something or other, and this time it was "J. B." of Washington. From the text, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a secure foundation," he proved that the President of the United States is a great rascal. This was the most prominent part of his Cincinnati performance, except his opening prayer, which is pronounced by one of the Cincinnati papers "a finished and artistic piece of execution," which, no doubt, elicited repeated rounds of applause.

Dr. Bellowes is the same divine, who, not long ago, demonstrated the importance of the modern drama as a school of morals, and who has since been canonized as their patron saint by the members of that profession. He has also distinguished, or rather extinguished, himself, by a utopian attempt to establish a Church which should take in all sects on certain broad principles, allowing liberty in non-essential differences of belief. The various sects refused to be "taken in," each insisting that its own gauge was broad enough for the wants of all traveling Zionward, and while the

Doctor was very welcome to their track, they would not switch on to his. Since that time, we have heard very little of this Bellows ecclesiastical, except an occasional puff at a New England dinner, or a felicitous prayer to some admiring audience.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

AN EXCITING SCENE WITH MR. RAREY.

The most exciting scene we ever witnessed was what we may fairly call a mortal combat between man and the horse. A powerful and most beautiful thorough-bred stallion was introduced into the arena. The horse looked round the audience, stood on his hind legs, plowed up the ground, and presented the most vivid picture of a wild and irreclaimable beast. He literally roared in fury, and kicked out of pure viciousness. He snapped at the spectators, snapped at the groom and Mr. Rarey, and actually bit his own flesh severely in his passion. He tore to pieces every strap which was placed upon him, hurling the groom, who had come to Mr. Rarey's assistance, ignominiously the whole length of the arena. At one time the horse broke clear away from all, and stood for a moment as a conscious victor in the midst of the excited audience.

Mr. Dyer and Mr. Farrell both came to Mr. Rarey's help, but they were utterly unable to hold the animal. He scattered every man and everything around him like chaff. He was bathed in a white foam, and sending up rolling clouds of vapor from his body. At one moment he tossed up the straw wildly, at another he sent the strong barriers flying in all directions, and for some time he stood the complete personification of diabolical alone in the arena, roaring furiously, and tearing at the barriers with his teeth. Mr. Rarey, having washed his hands and rested for a few minutes, again ventured to approach him. Then began a contest such as no one who witnessed it can ever forget. It was a struggle of art and tact against overwhelming strength. Whoever saw that combat could never be skeptical as to the wonderful power of Mr. Rarey. For fully an hour the battle, for it was nothing else, continued; now the man had gained the victory, now the horse; and the animal, touching the earth, seemed to derive fresh strength from every fall. At last Mr. Rarey extemporized a strap from the fragments of the broken bridle, and had gained his first step to conquest; still the horse fought furiously, rising in the air, and plunging in all directions, endeavoring to bite his assailant or trample him down. It gave one some idea of the animating scenes of the Roman amphitheatre to see a compact, slight, but sinewy man confronting so furious and vicious an animal. A long struggle ensued, but eventually the horse was fairly broken out, and lay down panting and thoroughly subdued.—*Irish Times.*

WHAT A SMALL BEGINNING MAY EFFECT.

The Boston Advertiser (Rep.) furnishes the following interesting reminiscence:

At a recent political meeting in Cambridge, an advocate of the Bell and Everett ticket related the following as an example of what may be done, even with a small beginning. "Some forty years ago," said he, "when I was a young man, residing in Brighton, I received a circular calling for meetings to be held to choose delegates to Lexington, to nominate a candidate for Congress. I published the notice, and the meeting was held. Two persons were present—a friend and myself. We organized, and he voted for me and I voted for him, and we both attended the Lexington Convention as delegates. At the old Munroe Tavern we met six other delegates, and in a bedroom of that tavern we nominated our candidate, whom afterwards our party sent to the House. The man of our choice was then Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and that was the commencement of his long and honorable public career. His name was Edward Everett."

SUCCESS OF CAMELS IN THE SOUTH.

The experiments thus far with the camels introduced into Texas, and other parts of the South, may be said to be successful. At first it was supposed they could only be useful in traversing the great deserts and plains in the interior of the Continent, where there is a deficiency of water. They could cross a desert of a hundred miles without water and without stopping. This, of itself, would be accomplishing much. But it now appears that this useful animal has been introduced on plantations with advantage, having double the strength of the mule or horse. Whether hitched to a plough or a wagon, he does equally well, and can carry on his back as much grain as can conveniently be packed in a two-horse wagon.

THE NEW COMET.

The new comet, which has recently appeared, was noticed last week from the Cambridge (Mass.) Observatory. Prof. G. P. Bond says. The present comet promises well; its nucleus is as bright as a star of the fourth magnitude; well concentrated, and has appended to it a narrow tail, but little curved, and rising vertically from the horizon, like a faint streamer of the Aurora. Astronomers will wait with interest for the determination of the elements of this comet. Three nights' observations will be needed before its future path and appearance can be predicted.

FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

There was a skirmish on the 2d June between 800 men, under Col. Jack Hayes, and 500 Indians. After a running fight of two or three hours the Indians were defeated, with a loss of twenty-five killed. Capt. Storey, of the volunteers, was mortally wounded. Two of the men were killed and four wounded. The bodies of Major Ormsby and 20 of his men were found on the field where they fell.

3 Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L. OF LANG SYNE, N. C.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.
BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Remember thy Creator now,
While youth and hope illumine thy brow,
Ere yet the days of darkness come,
And pleasure from thy path hath flown,
Or ere the blossoms of the spring,
For thee no thrill of joy shall bring.

Remember now—His love and care
Surround thy footsteps everywhere—
Ere yet the days and years draw nigh,
When thou with many a tear and sigh
Wilt mourn the faded joys of earth;
Add not to this the spirit's death.

Remember now—while here's low voice;
And gentle tones thy heart rejoice;
The time may come when thou shalt know
Its soothing balm no more below,
When nothing save the hope of Heaven
Shall soothe thy soul with anguish risen.

Remember thy Creator now—
Ere grief and time shall mar thy brow,
Ere thou shalt feel the soul's unrest
Huddle and writhen within thy breast;
No joy will then remain for thee
Save faith and trust in Deity.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

I have an alarm-clock in my room, which makes so much noise every morning at five o'clock I am forced to open my eyes directly. It is an excellent means of awakening me early, and enabling me to gain the precious morning hours. It is so, however, only on one condition; and that is, that I rise at once whenever I hear the sound.

One morning, instead of getting out of bed at once at the call of the clock, I hesitated, felt lazy, turned round, and fell asleep again. At the following morning I scarcely listened to the sound at all; and in a few days more, although the clock continued to sound at the usual hour, I did not even hear it.

That is strange, you will perhaps say; strange or not, it is true. I ceased even to awake, because I had neglected for some time to arise at the call of my alarm.

We have all an alarm-clock within ourselves. It is our conscience. Conscience rouses us, warns us what we ought to do, and what we ought to shun. But we must listen and obey at its very first call. We must stop at once when conscience says, "Stop;" and we must set to work at once when conscience says, "Go and be active." If we once refuse to listen, we will refuse more easily the second time, and at length conscience will speak in vain,—we shall not even fear its voice, and we will go on unwarned from sin to sin. Of this the following is an example.

A young man, named Robert, had at one time listened faithfully to the voice of his conscience; but by degrees he began to turn away from the right path, and to become unfaithful in little things. In vain did his conscience say to him, "Robert, what you are going to do is evil; abstain from it!" He listened not to the warning. From neglect to neglect, from faults of omission to faults of commission, he proceeded onward in evil, until at last he was so lost to all sense of right, that he broke into a shop by night to steal the money from the till. He was discovered, arrested, imprisoned, tried and banished.

If we wish to hear the voice of conscience ever speaking clearly and distinctly to us, we must do these things:—We must keep our alarm-clock, that is, our conscience, always in a good state, by the study of the word of God and prayer; then, when it speaks, we must listen attentively and obey at once.—*Sunday School Banner.*

I HAD A LITTLE SISTER.

"I had a little sister, but she died," said a little boy, in my Sabbath School class. It was his first day in the school. He had noticed a boy pass up the aisle, leading his little sister by the hand, which caused him to make the remark.

I turned to speak to him, and there were tears glistening in his blue eyes, as he said, "It has been a year since she died; but ma says, 'She is with the angels.'"

Scarcely five summers had he seen, and yet brief experience had made him realize the mysteries,—Death, Hereafter!

I thought, how sad the truth, that even in the bud we know of blight. But, blessed be his name, when we join the angel band, there'll be no weeping there. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the preface,—a portion of the work we should try to make leave unread.

SEQUENCE OF ACTION.

When Achilles, the great poet, was condemned to death, his brother an orator and hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the service of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved.—The dumb eloquence of that limb spoke more powerfully than "words that burn."

AN AMERICAN KNIGHTED.

Queen Victoria has conferred the order of knighthood upon Francis H. Saltus, Esq., of New York, in consideration of important improvements in artillery. Mr. Saltus is the first American thus distinguished.

Times' Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 26th, 1860.

The pleasures and comforts of city life—Visit to the Opera—The Regatta—Spectacular exhibitions of skill and strength—The "Japaners"—Cambridge—The Baltimore Convention—The question before us.

We had the extreme felicity the other night of attending the Opera and hearing some magnificent music from Frezzolini, the famous prima donna, in her personation of Lucia di Lammermoor. To our untutored ear her singing and acting seemed exceedingly fine, producing the strong parts of the play in the most truthful and affecting manner; in all of which she was finely sustained by the rest of the company and the orchestra. Anodis, who acted her brother Henry Ashton, sang well; but he is very short and fat and the kilt and leggings he wore set off these qualifications charmingly. The house was crowded with the aristocracy and beauty of the city, and the whole formed such a treat as does not fall in one's way every day. The other prima donna is Fabbri, a new star, whom fame speaks highly of; she and the first named have been entertaining our city for a week past. On Saturday noon they gave a grand gala matinee. Besides the Opera we have the usual Theatres and Concerts, and the world renowned "Tom Thumb" is again holding his levées. Saturday evening, also, there was a regatta on Charles river for a silver cup, given by the gentlemen of Beacon Street and two other races for smaller prizes; it was a most exciting scene; the smooth river, crowded with shells, sculls and boats of all sizes, many of them decked with flags and skimming and shooting about in all directions; the gay colors of the rowers and their cheerful voices making up a living picture most pleasant to behold. The Harvard boys took the prize in the last and most important race for 4 and 6 oared boats, bringing in their boat in most beautiful style a long way ahead of their competitors. Much attention is paid by the young men here to the subject of gymnastics with the most beneficial results, both in regard to their physical and moral improvement; Dr. Winship who is said to be the strongest man in the world resides here and by his examples and lectures has done much for the cause. There was also a splendid race yesterday at South Boston for yachts and row-boats, which was attended by thousands of happy people; bands of music enlivened the intervals and every body enjoyed himself or herself to the very summit of felicity.

Our citizens have not yet given up all hopes of seeing the "Japs," although our enterprising neighbors of New York seem to have bent all their energies to deprive us of the privilege; they have already succeeded in inducing the Great Eastern to visit them in preference to going to Portland, even after the last named city had made great and expensive preparations to receive her. The metropolis has long been celebrated for her energy and enterprise; by these means she has succeeded in concentrating the trade of the world, so that all the nations pour their tributary streams of wealth into her lap; this city too is waking up, exerting her mighty powers and stretching forth her hands to grasp the fruits of her honest toil.

Over in Cambridge last week the collegiates and their friends had a pleasant time; they had there and then what they call "class day," answering in some respects to what we term "Commencement;" there were processions, speeches and poems delivered "in public on the stage," besides many whispered in private under the shady alcoves; then they had a dinner and a dance on the greensward, which closed the pleasant labors of the day; great was the company of the damsels, for they overflowed the cars and made the old streets merry with laughter, as they rode along; they invaded the classic shades where their armies in ermine, took many a captive bound in rose fetters and, returning to Boston, overflowed Bowdoin square like a wave of the sea.

The Baltimore Convention of course is the theme which employs all thoughts and enlists all tongues; it is a subject which presents many painful aspects and in whatever light it may be viewed is well calculated to excite the gravest apprehensions in the breast of every thoughtful man; the delegates from our own state, doubtless actuated by reasons which seemed to them sufficient, have succeeded with a number of others, formed a separate convention and nominated a set of candidates of their own. Of the causes which impelled them to the separation we have nothing to say; this is not the arena on which such questions should be discussed; but we hope and trust that they are such as are based on broad and patriotic grounds and not those which rest on the unstable foundation of personal disappointment or political revenge; we trust that none of the seceders have been induced, driven or persuaded by a blind obedience to party behests or by the arbitrary commands of the great ones in power at Washington. The Country now presents the anomalous spectacle of four separate parties, all having their candidates in the field, as aspirants for Presidential honors, at the same time; three of these parties cannot and do not claim to be any other than sectional; only one standing on the broad national and conservative platform of the Constitution and the Union, our Laws and Liberties. It is fearful to think how wild, how mad and blind partisan zeal has become and to what deplorable excess it can drive its votaries, when Douglas who but a few years ago was one of the most popular leaders and was regarded as such by all the party, now has become so odious in the eyes of the President and his friends, that a large proportion of the delegates break

up their organization and destroy their chances of success, rather than nominate him, preferring defeat and destruction without him to victory under his banner. P. S. S.

BALTIMORE, June 23d, 1860.
Dear Times.—Agreeable to promise, I now throw you out a line. I am in the Monumental City, safe and sound,—arrived here this morning. The city is alive with the excitement growing out of the Democratic Convention, now in session here. "Douglas, Douglas," and "Convention, Convention," are words in everybody's mouth. I stopped here with the expectation of seeing the "hons," but, like some of the delegates, have not yet been able to gain admittance. So far, the Convention has done nothing but dispute about contested seats and credentials. The committee on credentials brought in three reports yesterday—one majority and two minority! One of the minority reports was signed by but one man—Mr. Gittings of Md; the other was rejected this morning by a majority of about fifty votes—there being about two hundred votes cast. This evening the majority report was adopted by the Convention, whereupon a large majority of the Southern and a number of the Northern delegates withdrew. The Charleston Convention was quite a harmonious meeting when compared to this. The end is not yet.

I don't think that I would like to live long in a city. The eternal din of carts, cars, wagons, wheelbarrows, buggies, &c., has kept my head reeling all the evening. I cannot give my country friends a better idea of the confused noise which continually salutes one's ears than to compare it to the roaring of many waters and the sound of ten thousand steam saw mills!

I went up this evening to Westminster Church to see the grave of Edgar A. Poe, but owing to the absence of the sexton, could not obtain admittance within the palls. If I do not leave town in the morning, I intend to make another effort.

Saturday, 23d.
I went this evening again to search for Poe's grave; but—though I this time succeeded in getting access to the grave-yard—without success. I was told by Mr. Marks, who has charge of the cemetery, and who took great pains to show me over it, that it was somewhere back of the church! I inquired of a great number, but found none able to give me any satisfactory information. What a comment upon human nature! What a lesson to those aspiring to literary fame! Not even a slate rock or fine slab to mark the resting place of one of the most brilliant geniuses of the nineteenth century! But, surely, the *literati* of our country—especially of the South—will not suffer his memory to be thus neglected much longer. I hope this story will be again repeated—"necesse est!"

The people of Baltimore look remarkably healthy—the fairer portion especially so. I have had an opportunity of seeing a very large number of the latter, who were in attendance on the Convention. Yesterday and to-day the streets have been almost literally alive with ermine—shopping and going to and returning from the Convention; not to say anything of the thousands who are conveyed hither and thither on the cars. The ladies of Baltimore are not only healthy looking, but, as a general thing, pretty.

Night.—We have had two National Democratic Conventions to-day. Convention No. 1 nominated Douglas for President, and Convention No. 2 have placed before the people the name of Breckinridge for that office. So we have four candidates for the Presidency. I was in the Seceding Convention. It was composed of delegates from more than twenty States. The Hon. Caleb Cushing presided over both Conventions. Mr. Cushing is a much younger man than I had expected to see. He is, I would suppose, between fifty and sixty. EDGAR ORVILLE.

NEW YORK, June 26 1860.

Dear Times.—I arrived in Gotham yesterday morning, and without "let or hindrance" entered the city and took my "position" therein. After resting awhile, I went out and looked at the "elephant" and would fain describe the animal to your numerous readers, but have not time now. Suffice it to say that I found him to be a "baste" of huge proportions and varied accomplishments. I will tell more about him hereafter—it will not do, you know, to tell all one knows at one time. By-the-way as it is likely that I may have several small chats with your readers while I remain here, I would have it understood in the outset that I do not write for the benefit of those who are already familiar with city life; but exclusively for the edification and amusement of those of my country friends whose occupations compel them to remain at home.

Last night the Japanese excitement reached its culminating point in the grand ball given the ambassadors at Niblo's Gardens. The entertainment was said to have been a stupendous and truly magnificent affair—excelling in brilliancy the grandest conceptions of oriental splendor. There were over ten thousand persons present, and as many, perhaps who tried to obtain admittance without success. Some tickets sold second-handed as high as \$30 I did not try to get in, knowing the bootlessness of the effort. This morning's Herald describes it as the grandest and most magnificent ball ever given in New-York, or in fact anywhere else.

While I sojourned in Baltimore the cry was "Douglas," "Douglas" while here it is nothing but "Japanese," "Japanese," especially

in the vicinity of the Metropolitan. I saw three of them on Broadway yesterday, and another to-day, but did not have a good opportunity of examining them critically. I saw enough, however, to convince me that they belong to the human species; or are in a greater or less degree related thereto! Yours Truly, EDGAR ORVILLE.

NEW YORK, June 26th, 1860.

I have seen her!—the Great Eastern! No, I am not dreaming at all—I saw her this evening with my own eyes! She is even now lying in the Hudson, at the foot of Hammond & Blacker streets. Two hundred thousand persons can bear testimony to this fact. How does she look? Your curious reader will say; and not to keep them in suspense, I will tell them, "to the best of my knowledge and belief." Well, she looks sorter like a ship, and sorter like the Great Eastern! She is ever so big, New York, but I can't tell you how big she is, no more than the little frog could tell its mother how big the great ox was who had trod to death one of her young. This much, however, I will venture to say, and that is, that she is a quarter of a mile long, and so high that the men on deck, when viewed from below, look no bigger than monkeys!—whom they somewhat resemble, as they climb and crawl about from point to point. She is not open for public inspection yet—we must be content for the present with seeing the hull and masts and wheels.

This aquatic monster arrived at the dock yard yesterday evening amid the firing of cannon and the enthusiastic cheers and shouts of the immense multitude assembled to greet her coming. This morning's Herald estimates the number present yesterday evening at not less than fifty thousand; and to-day the streets leading to the wharf presented a continual stream of people going to and returning from it. And besides this, the river was bedecked with ships and boats covered over with the curious, all eager to get a look at this forty-seven wonder of the world. Every town and city within forty or fifty miles around, have contributed their quota to the occasion. Even now while I write, the joy of the people is exhibited in the continual booming of cannon.

Well may the Japanese embark for home to-morrow! Their day is over—the New Yorkers are too fickle a people to worship long at one shrine. Pity they had not left before the arrival of the Great Eastern—then they might have escaped the mortification of having been eclipsed. How we do jump from one excitement to another! Only a few days ago the National Democratic Convention was the all absorbing topic. Then came the great entertainment given the Japanese Embassy at the Metropolitan; and now, before we have hardly had time to draw a long breath, the Great Eastern rushes in upon us and again sets us agog.

The weather here is very warm. Yesterday I was told that the thermometer stood at over one hundred; and to-day it cannot have been any cooler.

I wanted to tell my friends something about Gotham, but have not time now. I will tell them "a thing or two" sometime, if nothing happens—when the Japanese are gone, and the Great Eastern excitement is over.

I am, as ever, Yours truly, EDGAR ORVILLE.

GEN. HOUSTON.

A Texas paper says of Gen. Sam Houston that he looks in feeble health and the wreck of what was but a few years ago vigor and strength. He now goes upon a crutch, because of lameness in one of his ankles—the effect of a wound received at San Jacinto.

HEAVY LOSSES.

R. F. McGinty, sheriff of Jefferson county, Miss., was robbed of \$10,000 in Vicksburg, on the 11th, while sleeping in a room at the Washington Hotel. As soon as he had discovered his loss he attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but friends interfered, and prevented the accomplishment of his design.

THE SEASON IN EUROPE.

The year 1860 will prove decidedly one of the coldest and stormiest that Europe has seen for a long time. Tempests succeed tempests, and freezing winds follow deluvial rain. "We are in June," says a Parisian writer, "yet it feels more like March." This inclemency of the weather causes some fears for the growing crops, and within a few days a rise of nearly three francs has taken place in the price of flour.

POLITICAL.

Gen. Starke, who was recently Commissioner from Mississippi to Virginia, on behalf of a Southern Conference, has declared his purpose to support Bell and Everett. A campaign paper, called the Battery, in the interest of Messrs. Bell and Everett, will be issued in Washington next week.

THE CAPTURED AFRICANS.

A letter from Key West, Fla., of the 21st June, says: The three cargoes of negroes are getting along very well; the reduced and attenuated by disease drop off, and up to this date 199 have been buried.

Professor Lowe ascended from Philadelphia Friday evening in his mammoth balloon, the "New York," and landed at 9 o'clock in Medford, New Jersey.

The imports of dry goods at New York for the year ending the 30th ult. have reached the enormous figure of \$107,843,205.

New peaches, tomatoes, and watermelons, are in the Augusta (Ga.) market.

Miscellaneous News Items.

AN EDITOR GONE.
We learn from the Blue Ridge (Va.) Republican, that the editor, Mr. Hudson M. Garland Jr., died on the 21st June. Mr. Garland has been connected with the Press of Virginia for some ten years or more.

HUSBAND KILLED BY HIS WIFE.
Justin Terry and wife, of West Springfield, Mass., got into an altercation Sunday morning, when the latter struck him on the head with a hatchet, and finished by drowning him in the Connecticut river. Jealousy on the part of the husband was the cause of the difficulty. Both were intoxicated at the time. The woman is under arrest.

"VIRGINIA DARE."
The first ship for the Richmond and Liverpool packet line, now on the stocks at Baltimore, is to be called "Virginia Dare." Virginia Dare was the first child of English parents in the new world, born at Roanoke, in August, 1587, and named after the District of Virginia. She was the grand-daughter of John White, who was Governor of the colony, sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to found an agricultural State, which sailed from Plymouth April 25, 1587, and reached the shores of Virginia in July of the same year. White's daughter was the wife of Mr. Dare, who was one of the assistants of the Governor, and Virginia was born about a month after the arrival of the expedition.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
The report of the M. W. Grand Patriarch of the National Division of Sons of Temperance gives the following information in regard to the progress of the order:

In twelve years previous to and including 1859, there have been initiated 756,847 members, or an average of 63,000 per annum. These members have paid into their subordinate divisions, in the twelve years, the sum of \$5,684,477. The subordinate divisions have paid to sustain their grand divisions \$174,783. The grand divisions have paid to sustain the national division the sum of \$26,769. In these twelve years \$1,415,445 have been paid for benefits to members in sickness.

MECHANICAL APPOINTMENT TO JAPAN.

John Dudley, Esq., for many years one of the head workmen of the Washington arsenal, has been appointed by the government to go to Japan with the returning embassy, and superintend the putting up the various articles of machinery presented by the United States and her citizens.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

It is said that the people of Spain are becoming considerably excited against the United States, in consequence of our seizure of the ships off Vera Cruz, and, being somewhat elated by their Morocco successes, are determined to make our government disavow the act of capturing the two steamers, or fight for it. Their journals are also discussing projects for the invasion of Mexico, which may bring them in collision with the United States, and they have other causes of grievance, which their government, it is rumored, will call upon our own to walk up at once and settle.

A New York journal expresses the hope that these reports may prove well founded, and that Spain will at once proceed to a settlement of accounts with us. Our citizens says this journal, have not yet been paid for the hundreds of thousands of extra duties they were plundered of by faithless changes in the Cuban tariff after the hurricane of 1844; the insults to our Consuls have not yet been apologized for—Mr. Cross, imprisoned at Matanzas; Mr. Sewall, driven from St. Jago; Mr. West, imprisoned and plundered at Sagua; Mr. Thompson, insulted and compelled to hide the American arms at the same place; the Georgiana and Susan Lord, American ships, captured at Contoy, in the waters of Mexico, and condemned flagitiously; our mail steamships, fired into and seized; and a long list of individual citizens arrested, fined, maltreated, plundered, and driven from their innocent and peaceful occupations in Cuba, through the ignorance and malice of Spanish officials.

ON THE ROAD TO THE PEAK.

A party of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state that, by accurate count and record, they met 4,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and 1,500 more between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going west. They say it looked like a village the whole way, from the number of teams and people. As each team was attended by from four to ten persons, there must have been thirty thousand en route to the gold regions beyond the frontiers.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

The first new wheat of the season was sold in Petersburg, Va., Friday, at \$1.40. The wheat was red, and was grown at O. P. Taylor's farm, in Granville county, N. C.

GEN. LANE.

By a letter in the Warrenton News from T. J. Green, Esq., we learn that Gen. Jos. Lane contemplates visiting his native county in this State, at an early day. He will pass through Raleigh and up the N. C. Railroad to Asheville.

REV. T. N. RALSTON.

Rev. T. N. Ralston, late Rector of Trinity Church Cincinnati has dissolved his connection with the Episcopal Church and returned to the Methodist, with which he had been formerly connected. The Illinois Conference is to be his field of operations.

CONFESSION OF REV. MR. HARDEN.
The Rev. Jacob S. Harden, under sentence of Death at Belvidere, N. J., for the murder of his wife, has made a confession acknowledging his guilt. The Rev. Mr. Day, of the M. E. Church, announced Sunday evening, at his church in Belvidere, the fact of the confession, and desired the prayers of the meeting in behalf of the condemned and penitent criminal. This announcement caused a great sensation in the church. The Rev. Mr. Kirk made a touching prayer in behalf of the condemned. Gov. Oden has respite Harden until the 6th of July. The Trenton American says Harden is writing his confession now, and adds:

The administering of the poison to his wife commenced on her return to Ramsey's, and was given to her while sitting on his knee, even during the endearments of an apparently loving wife. He kindly invited her to partake of an apple, on which he had spread arsenic. She unsuspectingly ate it remarking that it appeared to have something gritty on it. He replied that it was "nothing." There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner, involving his criminality with others who shared his affections, but we do not think it proper to speak of them until Harden chooses to make them public himself. His purchase of the arsenic at Easton, his using that which was about the house, are all confirmed by Harden's own words. What is most astonishing is the statement that in the perpetration of these enormities, Harden does not seem to have the slightest compunctions. He did them without once thinking that he was doing anything very dreadful.

MORE OUTRAGES BY CORTINAS IN TEXAS.

A correspondent writes, from Brownsville, in a late letter:

Cortinas visited the ranch of a friendly Mexican, on the right bank of the Rio Grande last week, and killed Senor Silleno, together with several of his family, for no other reason than they had refused to quarrel some of the men belonging to Cortinas' party. At the time of the assassination, Cortinas declared that he knew everything that was being done in Brownsville; he knew the troops intended to leave as soon as the yellow fever broke out, and then he intended to pay off his old scores. The Mexican troops, from Matamoros, as soon as the news reached that place, set out for the ranch of Senor Silleno, for the purpose of arresting the bandit, but as Cortinas was at the head of two hundred men, and is better informed than his pursuers, I doubt if they make any head way, even allowing that they desire to meet the rascal.

TRIAL BY JURY.

During the session of 1859, the New Hampshire Legislature addressed to the Supreme Court of that State two interrogatories, as follows:

1. Has the Legislature power so to change the law in relation to juries as to provide that petit juries may be composed of a less number than twelve?

2. Has the Legislature power to provide that a number of the petit jury, less than the whole number, may render a verdict?

The Justices of the Court in their reply, state that in view of the fact that trial by jury has been steadily regarded, from the earliest judicial history in England, as the great safeguard of the lives, liberty and property of the subject, against the abuses of arbitrary power, as well as against undue excitements of popular feeling, and as it is considered in this country as the most valuable of the rights of free-men, they have examined these questions with anxious care. They argue that inasmuch as at the time of the formation of the Constitution, and always previously, by the term "jury" was unquestionably meant a body composed of twelve men, and as at that date no such thing as a jury of less than twelve men, or a jury deciding by less than twelve votes, had ever been known or ever been the subject of discussion in any country of the common law, no body of less than twelve men, though they should be by law denominated a jury, would be a jury within the meaning of the constitution; nor would a trial by such a body, though called a trial by jury, be such, within the meaning of that instrument. They are of the opinion, therefore, that the Legislature has no power either to lessen the number of jurymen, or to provide that less than the whole number can render a verdict. This opinion is concurred in by each member of the Court.

A WORKING CONGRESS.

The National Intelligencer states: "That the present Congress has been at work more hours than when the sessions were extended to August and September. Two months were lost by the House in the election of a Speaker; but never, within our experience, has more business been matured in the same length of time. In the House there have been reported nearly nine hundred bills, and in the Senate five hundred and forty-three. It is true many of these will have to go over to the next session, but a few days devoted to the private calendar will reduce it to manageable dimensions."

ATLANTIC FEMALE COLLEGE.

A correspondent writing from Morehead City, N. C., the terminus of the Atlantic Railroad, says:

"Things are looking up in this new City.—The citizens held a meeting on the 25th ult., to consider the propriety of establishing a Female College here. They agreed to make the effort and fixed upon \$20,000 for the capital stock; thirteen thousand dollars, was immediately subscribed and the balance will no doubt be obtained. It is to be called the Atlantic Female College."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I'm Weary Now.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

I'm weary now—the earth is fair,
But I its pleasures cannot share;
The flowers, the landscape and the sky
Are lovely, as in days gone by,
Yet sadness hovers o'er my brow,
And I, alas, am weary now.

I'm weary now—the smiles of spring,
Nor birds rejoicing on the wing,
The freshness of the opening rose,
Which o'er my path its fragrance throws,
Have not a charm to soothe my brow,
I have no pleasure in them now.

I'm weary of earth's parting bliss,
The fragments of my happiness—
I'm weary of the toll and strife,
Which darken all the joys of life,
And hence to me the smiles of spring
No solace for my sadness bring.

I'm weary now—the time is past,
When by its halo o'er me cast,
There was a time when I could feel
A thrill of pleasure o'er me steal;
The spirit's sound is deeper now,
The shadow darker o'er my brow.

And yet one faithful joy is mine,
Not of the earth, it is divine;
One steadfast hope pervades my breast,
The hope of an eternal rest
Within the spirit home, all fair—
The soul will not be weary there.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HELENA GRAHAM.

A LOVE STORY.

BY M. GENEVIEVE.

CHAPTER V.

The Burial at Sea.—The Discovery.

"The ship that makes pale Luna roam,
And leaves for hours, the wave
For those who have a happy home
To find an ocean grave."

CAVENDISH.

It was in the early part of November, that our travelers left Paris, and for a week, they had delightful weather, but on the evening of the eighth day, the wind rose, and towards midnight it blew a perfect hurricane; the sea looked frightful, every wave that dashed against the vessel, sounded like thunder; thus it continued for nearly two hours, then the rain came down in torrents, and the wind moderate. I. All hoped that the storm was over—alas, it was but a lull. Again the storm came on, the wind blowing so violently that the sailors were obliged to haul down the mizzenmast, this was no sooner done than the cry of "a leak, a leak" was heard, and all hands rushed to the pumps, here they worked unceasingly, yet the leak increased, until there was over four feet of water in the hold; as some of the crew were sent to save the provisions, &c., several passengers took their places at the pumps, among these were Mr. Graham and his brother-in-law, and most faithfully they worked until the cry of "Our foremast's gone" was heard, and a few minutes after, the mainmast came down with a terrific crash, carrying in its fall, the mizzenmast and crushing many of those who were working on deck; oh, it was heart-rending to hear, amid that raging tempest, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks for mercy, from miserable wretches who, perhaps for years, had never bent a knee in prayer.

About daylight, there was a calm, for the fury of the storm was spent, the leak had been found and stopped—they were saved; but what a sight! the dead bodies which had not been washed overboard, were lying about, wounded and ghastly, four of them were sailors, the fifth was—Mr. Graham.

Helena who was anxiously waiting to see her father, met her uncle as he entered the cabin. "Oh, uncle," she exclaimed, "we have spent a dreadful night, but I hope all danger is over."

"The sea is very calm now, Helena, we have every reason to believe the storm is over," he paused, then continued, "several of the crew were lost in the storm."

"Poor fellows! but where is my father? I was expecting him, when you entered."

"He has been wounded, Helena, but—"

"Wounded," cried Helena, "oh, let me go to him," and she tried to pass her uncle.

"Calm yourself, Helena, do not go on deck yet."

"Oh, I must go, he may be dying," and before her uncle could prevent her, she had rushed past him, and was on deck, among the sailors, who were standing around the dead bodies now lying side by side.

"My father, oh, my father, where is he?" she cried; the sailors moved to one side, and she beheld her father lying stiff and cold; with a piercing cry, she fell at his side, and the rough sailors, raising her tenderly, carried her to the cabin where Maggie and her aunt were weeping bitterly, for they had just been told of their loss.

It was long before Helena recovered from her death-like swoon, slowly the truth broke on her mind, and tears, blessed tears, which always relieve the human heart, rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Maggie," she murmured, "my heart is broken now."

"Dear cousin, God called him, while doing his duty, may we all be as well prepared when our turn comes."

"But oh, if he had been sick, if I could have been with him in his last moments, but to die, without a word, a look, oh, father, father," and again Helena gave way to her grief, her aunt and cousin trying in vain to comfort her.

It was the hour of sunset; all was calm, and the canvas was idly flapping in the gentle breeze, as the sad-hearted sailors prepared to consign the remains of their comrades to a watery grave. Many a tear was brushed off their

sweaty cheeks, as they stood around the gangway, and saw each body stretched on the death-plank.

One by one they were lifted over the side of the vessel—a horrid plunge was heard, as the ocean received each victim—all was over—silently the sailors turned away, and when they spoke, it was in whispers, as though they were afraid of disturbing the dead. Oh, it was a solemn scene, that burial at sea.

As they knew Helena was not able to bear the sight, they would not let her know the hour that the burial would take place, so Maggie remained in the cabin with her, while her aunt and uncle went on deck, to see the remains of Mr. Graham consigned to the deep.

When the ship arrived at New York, the cousins were persuaded to remain with their aunt for a while, until they recovered from the fatigue of the voyage. Maggie immediately wrote to her mother, that they had arrived safe, and would be home in a week or two, also giving an account of her uncle's death.

It was late in the evening, when Joseph handed this letter, sealed with black, to his mother, remarking,

"It is from New York, who can it be from?"

"I will soon tell you," and his mother broke the seal, "from Maggie, I declare they are in New York, and—what? the old man dead?"

"Who, mother? Not Uncle Henry?"

"Yes, he died, and was buried at sea."

"My poor uncle! mother, he was our best friend."

"He was my son, and now we must look out for ourselves," and as she folded up the letter, she continued, "I wonder if he made a will?"

"All his property will go to Helena, of course," said Joseph.

"If he has made one, how I should like to get a peep at it," and Mrs. Graham picked up the lamp, and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going to, mother?" asked Joseph.

"Come with me," was all the reply she made, and without another word they left the room.

Through the long passages they went, Mrs. Graham carrying with her a large bunch of keys; stopping at length at the library door, they unlocked it and entered.

"Mother, will you tell me now, what you are going to do?"

"Hush, the will," whispered Mrs. Graham, and going towards an old-fashioned desk, she patiently fitted every key on that large bunch to the lock, until she came to the last, a little old looking one, she tried that, and oh, joy!

With a loud "click" the lock sprang back.

Her long fingers were soon busy among the contents of the desk, secret drawers were opened, and every scrap of writing read.

At length she found a small package directed to "Helena," it was tied with cord, under which a small-folded paper had been placed, hastily drawing this out, Mrs. Graham opened it, and as her eyes rested on the contents, she exclaimed,

"Ha! do I read aright? come here, Joseph, is my mind wandering, read?" and as she pointed to the words, Joseph read,

"To my adopted daughter Helena Meredith, I bequeath all my property, &c., &c."

"Joseph, who ever thought of such a thing?"

"I am indeed astonished, Mother, for I always thought Helena was his own child."

"Of course we did, how fortunate I thought of coming up here to-night."

"He has left her all his property, any how," said Joseph.

"But if the will was never found, you know, Mr. Graham's sister in New York, and ourselves, are the nearest relatives, don't you see?"

"There is an if in the way mother, the will is made."

"But it shall never be found," and Mrs. Graham tightly grasped the paper she held, "Have we not a better right to his property, than she has, if she is not his child?"

"But mother, you would not—"

"Speak low, Joseph, we may be heard, I will take care of the will. But we must now see who Helena really is."

She then opened the package directed to Helena. It contained a small portrait of a lady, painted on ivory, around this was wrapped a letter, which Mrs. Graham read aloud to her son, then folding it exactly as she found it, she remarked,

"Some strange things we have learned to-night, Joseph, but the prospect of being rich, does not seem to please you."

"I am thinking of poor Helena, mother."

"Pshaw! if you play your cards well, she will not refuse you now, for she will hardly like the idea of earning her own living, after being raised up in luxury."

"But mother you will not destroy the will?"

"Oh no, not yet, I have just thought of a good place to hide it," and Mrs. Graham after locking the desk and the library door, mounted another flight of stairs, followed as before by Joseph.

This time they entered the loft, where old furniture &c. was stowed away. From nails in the rafters hung some old clothes, which had long since been cast away by Mr. Graham; in the far corner of the garret hung an old drab coat, upon this Mrs. Graham's eyes rested, and going towards it she said,

"See here Joseph, I will put it in the breast pocket of this old coat, no one will ever think of looking for it here, and should Helena still persist in refusing us, we can destroy it any time. But if she accepts you, it will be easy to bring forward the old coat, it will be thought that Mr. Graham put the will there, while he was wearing it and forgot it, then the whole

of the property will go to your wife, instead of only a share, don't you see Joseph?"

"It is a dangerous business mother, but to win Helena, I would risk anything," then with a sigh he continued "if you are ready, mother we will go down, for though it is a cold night, the air up here is stifling."

"You know, it is all for your sake, my son," and with a parting look at the old coat, so that she would be sure to know it again, this unprincipled woman followed her weak-minded son down stairs, when they spent a couple of hours more, in laying out plans for the future.

CHAPTER VI.

The Mother's Letter.—The Lost Will.

"God keep my child," we heard her say and heard

"No more."

It wanted but two weeks of Christmas, when Helena and Maggie bade their aunt farewell, and accompanied by their uncle, once more stood in the old house, but oh, how desolate it appeared to Helena, to turn where she would, she beheld something to remind her of her father, nor could she restrain her tears, when Caesar, Mr. Graham's faithful dog, came bounding into the room, and tried every means in his power to shew how glad he was to see them, but as soon as he missed his beloved master, he crouched down at Helena's feet, and whined so piteously, they were obliged to have him taken from the room.

On the day following their return, Helena was visited by Lawyer Eldridge, she received him kindly, for as far back as she could remember, he was always a welcome visitor, and now more than ever did she value the old man's friendship. To him she weepingly related all the circumstances of her father's death, and truly did he sympathize with her, for Mr. Graham and himself had been personal friends for many years.

When Helena had concluded, Mr. Eldridge began to walk up and down the room, with his arms folded behind him, as was his custom, when anything important claimed his attention, at length stopping before Helena, he said,

"My child, you have suffered much lately, your face plainly shows it, you have lost your parents, but think, Helena, how many orphans are left to struggle with poverty; this is not your case, and you know, as long as one has wealth, they will not want for friends."

"Mr. Graham made a will, leaving all his property to you, but before that will is read, it is my duty to inform you of what you have been heretofore ignorant," taking her hand, he continued, "Helena, you have always thought yourself to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham?"

"Thought, Mr. Eldridge, why should I ever doubt it?"

"Then you never even suspected that you were not?"

"Never, sir, oh Mr. Eldridge, tell me the worst, and end this suspense."

"I will Helena, your own mother was Mrs. Graham's sister, she died in France when you were an infant; but come let us summon your aunt and cousins to the library, for there is a letter in Mr. Graham's private desk that will explain all to you."

As they left the room, he continued,

"I am glad you hear this calmly, Helena, for I have been dreading this interview."

"My mind is so confused, I hardly know what to think or say."

"Poor child, let us end this business quickly that you may then have some rest."

Entering the room where Mrs. Graham, Joseph, and Maggie were anxiously waiting for the interview to be over, he said,

"Friends, if you please, we will now see how my departed friend wished his property to be disposed of," and he led the way to the library, when they were all seated, Mr. Eldridge going towards the desk asked, "if any person knew where the key belonging to the desk was?"

There was a silence of a few seconds until Helena replied—

"Here are two keys, which were found in my father's pocket," the last words were scarcely audible.

Mr. Eldridge took them from her, and with one hand on the desk, he said,

"My friends before we proceed further, I might as well inform you that Miss Helena, was only the niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham but—"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, Joseph was silent, and Helena throwing herself into Maggie's arms murmured,

"Oh cousin, my cup of sorrow is full."

Mr. Eldridge continued:

"It was Mr. Graham's wish, that she should never know it, as long as he lived. I was the only person in his confidence, and it was only some five years ago when he was making his will, that he made me acquainted with the facts."

While Mr. Eldridge was speaking he had raised the lid of the desk, he now drew forth a small package, and turning it round and round, said,

"This is the letter I was telling you about Helena, but the will has been removed, it was put under this cord, by Mr. Graham, in my presence, it cannot have worked out—this is very strange."

He searched among the other papers, but in vain; turning to Mrs. Graham, he said sternly,

"Madam, can you tell me, has any person been to this desk, since Mr. Graham left home?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," she replied, calmly.

"This is indeed strange, Mr. Graham has repeatedly told me, that this desk contained all his private papers. The will has been removed but not by Mr. Graham's hand, for he would have destroyed this package also," then turning to Helena, he said,

"Take this to your room, my child, and read it. I will see you again."

And while Mr. Eldridge was searching in every imaginable place for the lost will, Helena had opened the package, and after gazing for some time on the beautiful portrait of her own mother, she proceeded to read the letter, which ran thus:

My Dear Helena, my Daughter: When you read this, the hand of your mother which penned it, will be cold in death, and years will have passed since she was laid in her grave.

Start not, my daughter, when you find that the one you have been taught to love and respect, is not your mother—love her not less on that account, for she is worthy of the name.

While the dew of death is on my brow, I write these lines for your perusal, that you may one day know who your real parents were; to no other hand could I trust the task.

Your adopted mother and myself are sisters; seven years ago from this date, I was a happy girl in my father's home. We were wealthy and saw a great deal of company, but it was not until I was eighteen, that I met Frank Meredith, your father, he was young, handsome, and an artist by profession. We were introduced and his fascinating manners soon won my heart. But my parents were ambitious, and would not hear of me marrying a poor artist, so we ran away, and were married.

My husband had spent several years in France, and thinking he could make a better living there than in America, we settled in a manufacturing town called Rouen. For a while all went on well, I often received letters from my sister, but never from my parents, for they never forgave me. But times got bad and by degrees we sold what valuable articles we had, then my real troubles commenced; first my little Frank died and a few months after that, my husband was brought home to me a mangled corpse. To keep us from want, he had undertaken to paint a house, and being unaccustomed to such work, he fell while painting the third story. I never recovered from that shock, my health was failing fast, and knowing I would soon have to leave my infant daughter, to the cold charity of the world, I wrote to my sister, letting her know for the first time our tightened circumstances.

My ever kind sister came accompanied by the best of husbands, they were shocked at finding us in such a miserable abode. And now while I write my dear sister is fondling my child, my little Helena, to whom she has promised to be a mother, she has lost two children, and Mr. Graham who thinks he sees a strong resemblance, between my infant and the one they lost last, says you shall be to him as his own child, so I shall die happy. And now farewell my child, if it was God's will that I should live, we would never part, I would work for you—beg for you—once more farewell, and sometimes think of your mother, who died broken-hearted."

This letter was signed, "Helena Meredith," and below this, Mrs. Graham had written, "Departed this life on the 25th of March 18—, Mrs. Helena Meredith in the 24th year of her age."

When Helena finished reading this letter she moved not, but sat with her hands clasped, and her head bowed down, she was thinking what was to become of her—her own parents dead—her adopted parents dead—no will to be found—she came to the conclusion, that she must earn her own living, for a dependant on her aunt's bounty, she never would be; her mind was made up—she must find another home.

Just then, there was a gentle knock at the door, and Maggie entered, her eyes were red with weeping.

"Dear cousin," she said, "will you not let me share your sorrow?"

"You are very kind, dear Maggie, and have always shared my troubles, and I am sorry we have to part."

"To part! Helena, what do you mean?"

"Do you not see I have no longer a right to remain; Mr. Graham's property goes to his heirs."

"Oh, Helena, how you grieve me by such words, do you not know? your home is with us, as long as we have one."

"My dear children," said Mrs. Graham, who had entered unperceived, "Come down to tea, it has been ready some time."

As Helena did not move, Maggie took her by the hand, and led her from the room as they were going down stairs, Mrs. Graham said,

"As I entered your room, my dear, I heard you say something about leaving us, you are not surely in earnest?"

"She did indeed, Ma," said Maggie, "did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"I hope Helena will do nothing rashly," was the reply of Mrs. Graham, as they entered the supper room.

The meal was eaten in silence, when it was over, Joseph led Helena to the parlor. Maggie was about to follow, when her mother, by a motion, told her to keep her seat.

When Joseph had taken a seat by his cousin, he commenced,

"Dear Helena, business calls me to the country to-morrow, and before I go, I wish to bring to your mind our last conversation, before you left the city, you remember it?"

"I do," said Helena, without raising her eyes.

"Forgive me, Helena, for renewing this subject, so soon after your recent trials, you know not a lover's impatience, dear Helena, will you not now promise to be one day mine?"

"Joseph, do you remember the answer I gave you before?" asked Helena calmly.

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"Forgive me, Helena, for renewing this subject, so soon after your recent trials, you know not a lover's impatience, dear Helena, will you not now promise to be one day mine?"

"Joseph, do you remember the answer I gave you before?" asked Helena calmly.

"You said you would never marry a cousin, dear Helena, that objection is removed, and has given me hope."

"Joseph, it is useless to urge me any more, I can never love you, for my heart is given to another, although I can never be his, let this be your final answer," and Helena rose to leave the room, Joseph endeavored to prevent her, but there was something so determined in her look, that he let her pass, and throwing himself on the sofa, remained there until his mother joined him, when he related the result of the interview, and was again consoled by the remark that "he must wait a while longer, Helena would get tired of earning her own living, and would be glad to have him yet."

If Helena's mind had been wavering in the least, about quitting her home, this last interview decided her, she knew that Joseph would never give her any peace, so she at once wrote out an advertisement for a situation as governess, to teach music, French, painting, &c., and for four days it appeared in the daily paper, but she received no answer to it.

On the fifth day, still receiving no answer, her heart began to fail her, for she had thought she could support herself by teaching, but that hope was gone. On the morrow Joseph would return, in despair she looked over the list of wants, and read, "Two or three young ladies wanted to work at the dress-making. Apply No—Second St."

"I will go and see about it,"

window where it had been the custom of Mr. Graham to sit and read—on the pictures—the books, until the tears blinded her, and she could see no more.

She bade farewell to the servant girls, and gave them each a present; they all loved Helena, and her own maid cried bitterly, because she could not go with her.

Helena hired a strange porter to carry her trunk, &c., and hurriedly drawing a veil over her face, she left the house.

That afternoon she commenced her life as seamstress.

(To be continued.)

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscription, \$2 per year in advance; club of ten \$15.00. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis on application. Address: COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their paper will be discontinued from the mail box.

Female Medical College.

The Faculty of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania have issued the announcement for the eleventh annual session, to commence on Wednesday, the 17th of October, 1890, and continue five months. The announcement says the Faculty consider as settled facts, that women are to be physicians, that the study and the practice of medicine are admirably adapted to their nature, and that the world and the profession need them, and will be the better for them, and they desire those who go forth as the alumnae of this school, to be so thoroughly fitted for their office, as to claim and receive at once the confidence and respect of the community and the profession.

The curriculum of study in this institution and the requirements for graduation, are in all respects as high as those of the best medical schools in this country. The candidates must have been engaged in the study of medicine for three years, and must have attended in different years, two courses of lectures on each of the following subjects: *Chemistry and Toxicology, Anatomy and Histology, Materia Medica and General Therapeutics, Physiology and Hygiene, Principles and Practice of Medicine, Principles and Practice of Surgery, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children*, and must also have taken two courses of instruction in *Practical Anatomy*, and presented a *Thesis* on some medical subject of her own composition and penmanship.

Arrival of the Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern arrived in New York last week, after a safe and successful voyage. The New York papers are filled with all kinds of details, some items interesting, but most generally tedious and tiresome.

The Great Eastern is, undeniably, a mammoth affair. The deck is a curiosity in itself, and on first sight is apt to strike the beholder with amazement. Imagine yourself standing on one end of it and gazing the eighth of a mile, upon a smooth and unbroken promenade. Look at the 6500 yards canvas flapping from six tall masts above, almost as far as the eye can reach, and at the great stacks, which emit huge volumes of smoke almost constantly. Then lean over the sides, and away down below, some fifty-five feet, see the water. In a short time you may begin to comprehend that all is a reality and not a dream. There are telescopes at both ends of the deck, for on this vessel it would be hard to plainly discern at one end what is going on at the other, and the captain, after seeing by the aid of a magnifying glass, what is to be done, turns to a telegraphic apparatus, and by the lightning's aid transmits his orders to those out of speaking distance.

She is more than twice as long as our own noble Niagara—being 800 feet from stem to stern, and in bulk, is over four times as large. Her construction required 30,000 iron plates, weighing in the aggregate 10,000 tons, and to fasten these together not less than 3,000,000 of bolts were required. The aggregate weight of these bolts is about 20,000,000 of pounds. There is room for a comfortable disposition of 4,000 passengers, divided as follows: First class 800, second class 2,000, third class 1,200; besides these there is room for the crew, numbering three hundred and fifty. It is estimated that in case of pressing necessity, ten thousand soldiers could be placed on board, and comfortably provided for.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York: \$2 a year, \$1 for six months.

On the first of July, a new volume of this publication will be commenced. A test of its value is the fact that it has already attained a circulation of thirty thousand copies per week, and we have no doubt the improvements which the editors are continually making, will be the means of adding annually to its circulation. We have often recommended the *Scientific American* to Planters and Mechanics, fully assured that, in the mechanical department, they would reap greater benefits from the perusal of its attractive and instructive pages than could be gained from any other source for many times the price of its subscription. It is justly regarded, at home and abroad, as the best weekly publication devoted to mechanical and industrial pursuits now published, and no person engaged in mechanical pursuit should consider himself fully qualified for his labors, or up to the improvements of the age without it.

Douglas and Breckinridge.

The following papers in North Carolina have raised the names of Breckinridge and Lane to the head of their editorial columns: Wilmington Journal, Fayetteville Carolinian, Raleigh Press, Fayetteville Courier, Salisbury Banner, Goldsboro Tribune, Charlotte Democrat, Goldsboro Rough Notes, Tarboro Mercury, Wilson Star of Freedom, and Warrenton News.

The Raleigh Standard still favors Douglas, but refuses to take a decided stand for either candidate against the other. It advises one and the same electoral ticket for both names, the vote being cast in the electoral College for the candidate receiving the larger vote.

Some of the papers have suggested the propriety of calling a state convention, to decide upon what course to net. The Western Democrat of the 3rd says:—“Certainly there is no necessity for a convention—the democratic sentiment of the State is nearly unanimous for Breckinridge and Lane. We learn that already a majority of the Electors have decided for Breckinridge and Lane, and we suppose all will do so. In this District, J. A. Fox, and in the Greensboro District, Mr. J. R. McLean, we know have signified their determination to open the canvass for the States Rights ticket. Mr. Fox has an appointment to speak at Monroe to-day.”

Another Division in the Methodist Church Expected.

When the great division in the Methodist Episcopal Church took place in 1846, on account of certain steps taken on the question of slavery a few slaveholding conferences remained in connection with the Northern branch. It is with these slaveholding conferences the difficulty now exists. The non-slaveholding possessing so large a majority in the General Conference gradual aggressions have been made upon the rights of the slave holding and so strong was the position taken against slavery at the late General Conference, that the slaveholding conferences are agitating another division. Numerous public meetings are being held and the agitation appears to be in real earnest. The following extract from the Baltimore Christian Advocate, organ of the Baltimore Conference, discusses the “new Chapter on Slavery,” recently incorporated in the Methodist Discipline by the General Conference at Buffalo, New York. It is from the pen of Dr. E. D. Bond, the talented editor of that paper, and states the question clearly:

The new chapter is as follows:—“Ques. What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?”

“Ans. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of Slavery. We believe that buying, selling, or holding of human beings to be used as *chattel*, is inconsistent with the golden rule, and with that rule of our Discipline, which requires all who desire to continue among us to do no harm and avoid evil of every kind. We therefore, affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means.”

At first sight many will think that the new chapter is weaker than the old and that the General Conference has made concessions to the Border—but a little careful consideration will vindicate the majority of the Conference from the charge of extreme stupidity involved in such a conclusion. That body knew what they were about, and when they urged this chapter as a progressive action on the slavery question, they were not so silly as not to comprehend its meaning. It is artfully constructed. The barb is carefully covered by the bait, but a moment's examination bares the steel.

The old chapter declared slavery to be a great evil—but carefully abstained from calling it a sin. It forbade a slaveholder to have official station in the church, but qualified the prohibition so widely as to leave obedience to the precept almost optional with a society. In fact it was a sort of sliding scale of officiality, to be worked by the sentiment of locality. The chapter also forbade traveling preachers to hold slaves—but it did not place the prohibition upon moral grounds. It left room for the explanation that the “evil” in the case of preachers, was in the embarrassment of their work.

The old chapter also directed our preachers to enforce upon our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the Word of God, and allowing them to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine worship—but even this the preachers were instructed to do “prudently.” As an answer to the Titanic question—what shall be done for the extirpation of slavery? the old chapter was as the mowing of a kitten to the crash of thunder. So far as our private members were concerned, it only required them to listen to a “prudent” suggestion on the part of the preachers to teach their slaves to read the Bible and let them go to church on Sundays. A suggestion which probably was never offered, simply because it was not needed. Our members, under the old chapter, were permitted to hold slaves, with no other restrictions than those enforced by their own conscience. The church threw the responsibility upon them.

The relation was not declared to be sinful, but only “evil.” The church might have said as much of Melaria. The character, degree, determination, remedy of the “evil”—of all these the church said nothing. In fact, the church might as well have said nothing at all for there was no practical use in what it said.

The new chapter declares that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings as *chattel* is inconsistent with the law of Christ and with

the rule in our discipline which requires all who remain among us to “do no harm.”

This is a plain declaration, that slaveholding is a sin against God and the Discipline—a singular dualism in which we suppose the latter element superfluous; did we not perceive the necessity of looking to some other quarter than revelation for the support of the declaration.

The word “sin” is carefully excluded—the idea is conveyed in the circumlocution inconsistent with the “golden rule.” The distinction “as *chattel*,” is introduced with the evident purpose of creating ambiguity, and shading the meaning of the precept. This law term is not commonly understood. The people have been led to construe “*chattel*” with “*cattle*” or something of that kind. They suppose that by holding slaves as *chattel*, is meant holding them with the same views and feelings as they hold *cattle*; and dealing with their servants as though they had neither mind nor soul, though not sensibility. It is in this sense the term is often tauntingly used toward them. Now in truth, “*chattel*” means nothing but movable or personal property—something else than real estate, he must hold them as *chattel*. The committee of Slavery intended, by the use of this word, to exclude from censure such slaveholding as they described in their report as tolerable, that is, purely benevolent slaveholding—over the young, rearing them for emancipation—over the old, providing for their infirmity—and over all to whom bondage is a legal necessity during their transit to freedom. Such cases, the committee intended to exclude, by using the word *chattel*, but in their ignorance they have brought even the benevolent class of slaveholders under condemnation and declared them sinners before God, if they avail themselves of their legal authority over their servants, for none of them have a real estate in a negro.

All slaveholding is, by this chapter, declared to be a sin. It effectively creates a new term of membership in our church for it declares all cases of slaveholding to be a *bar* under the General Rule forbidding “all *harm*.” After having laid down this rule, the General Conference proceeded to “*admonish*” all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil. What more could they have said about Moralism? and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means. What more could they have said of any sin? Having declared slaveholding to be a sin, the Discipline calls upon preachers and people to seek its extirpation by all means except such as are lawless and wicked. The word “affectionately” sounds sweetly, but it is not applied to qualify the manner of the “extirpation,” but only the tone of the admonition. The inquisitors need even more kindly words when they surrendered the victim to the “secular arm”—as they benignantly term the executioner.

Such, then, is the present Discipline. It condemns all slaveholders by rule, and by commentary excuses only in such cases as we have mentioned. Real slaveholding it concludes to be sin against God, and a violation of the Discipline of our Church. The chapter is advisory, but advisory of action against slaveholding members. It advises preachers and others to deal with such as immoral, and violators of our Rule, and exclude them by the “lawful means” provided in the Discipline.

Can we remain in a connection where we must live in perpetual rebellion against its law? Can we honorably continue in a fellowship of churches when our only right to be in, is the impossibility for the others to put us out? Can we obey the present Discipline? Can we remain in connection with the other churches and disobey it? Will it be for glory of God to submit to the present chapter and try to practice upon it? These are questions for our readers to answer.

An old man, Stephen Grindel, was robbed in Dale county, Ala., of \$5,000, a few days since. He has been nearly distracted since the occurrence.

A Mrs. Coleman, living near Cooksville, Miss., was struck by lightning, and had her head torn entirely from her body.

A subscription has been opened in Boston for the purpose of raising money for a monument to the memory of Gen. Putnam.

The Democrats of Michigan have nominated John S. Barry for Governor.

The three candidates for the Governorship of Arkansas, are Thomas Hubbard, Richard H. Johnson, and Henry M. Reector—Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Captain Courtney James, a civil engineer, son of the late G. P. R. James, is now engaged in the hydrographic surveys of the Harlem river, N. Y.

The Chicago Press of the 23d inst., states that its advice lead to the conclusion that the prospects for a full crop all over the Northwest were never better.

A gentleman employed in taking the census found in one family in Vermont twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age. The girls won't go over sixteen.

Ten years ago Wisconsin had not a single mile of railroad completed within her borders. Now nearly one thousand miles are traversed daily by the cars.

The Japanese left America on Saturday last, in the Niagara.

The unfinished roof of the Brooklyn Academy of Music was thrown down by a sudden gust of wind Friday evening, and six men badly injured.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE.

The New Yorkers were too much engaged with the Great Eastern, Friday, to notice the departure of the Japanese. They were quietly bundled into a revenue cutter and sent on board the Niagara. Some of them, the papers say, shed tears at leaving the friends they had made. The following is the last Japanese item we are likely to have for a long time:

The five princes of the Japanese Embassy were present at a wedding ceremony, in full costume, on Wednesday last. The princes had expressed a wish to see three things especially before leaving the city—a funeral, a law suit and a wedding. The funeral and a court of law were of easy accomplishment, but a wedding of the first class, within the gorgeous light of Grace Church, and managed by Brown does not come off every day, and the Embassy was in danger of going to sea without having witnessed that interesting spectacle. Of course they were particularly gratified with an invitation to a ceremony where the fashion and intellect of our city were sure to be present, and it was remarked generally that on no other occasion since their sojourn among us had the members of the Embassy exhibited so much interest, or appeared to be so highly pleased. Fortunately for the impression they will carry away of this—one of our most impressive ceremonies—the young couple were remarkable for their fine personal appearance. The bride dress was superb as gleaming silk, clouds of lace and snowy flowers could make it; while a group of pretty bridesmaids, in pink and blue, gave a brilliant effect to the scene, enhanced on every hand by the gorgeous surroundings of the building.

The Niagara sailed Saturday at 1 P. M. for Japan.

Later from Europe.

The Atlantic, from Liverpool on the 20th inst., has arrived.

The Baden Conference adjourned on the 17th. The Emperor Napoleon returned to Paris on the 18th. It is said that the German Princes were unanimous at a preliminary Conference on questions referring to their relations with foreign Powers, and that Napoleon repeated his peaceful assurances at his interview with the Prince of Prussia, which was a most cordial one.

The Neapolitan fleet had captured two steamers bound to Sicily, one bearing the Sardinian and the other the American flag. They contained 25,000 muskets, 32 cannons, 2,000,000 pounds of powder, and a considerable amount of specie. The 300 armed passengers found on board were made prisoners, and everything was conveyed to Gaeta. The Sardinian minister had demanded their restitution, and the English ambassador supported his demand.

Count Mercier, the new French minister to the United States, came as a passenger.

The “Opinion Nationale” has received a second warning for publishing Victor Hugo's speech containing a violent appeal to the revolutionary partisans.

Thirty villages had been burnt on Mount Lebanon. The Turkish soldiers, sent thither to protect the Christians, joined the Druses, and participated in the movement.

The French and Prussian journals declare the peace of Europe consolidated.

All was quiet in Sicily.

Garibaldi was organizing for an effort on the mainland.

HOOP SKIRTS UNSAFE IN A THUNDER STORM.

In the town of Pittsfield, Vt., on Saturday night last, while a singing school was in progress in a school-house, a thunder storm passed over the village, and the lightning struck the school-house, passing down the chimney and through the hand of a young man who was sitting near the chimney, with his arm stretched out towards it on the back of a seat. The ladies' hoops were all struck by the fluid, stripped of all their windings, clasps broken, hoops bent into all sorts of shapes, dresses scorched and some set on fire, and wonderful to relate no one was killed and none injured but the young man.

Twenty-five hands were discharged at the Gosport Navy-Yard last week.

Gen. Cass was in Wheeling, Va., Wednesday, on his way to Michigan.

MARRIED.

In this place, on the 23d June, Mr. JAMES K. CURTIS to Miss RACHEL J. PRITCHETT.

In this county, on the 28th of June, Mr. JOHN HUFFINS to Miss MARY E. JEFFREYS.

In Dorville, Va., on the 25th June, Mr. CUSHING DANK to Miss EUGENIE CARINGTON.

In Pittsylvania county, Va., on the 27th June, Mr. S. H. TOWNES to Miss MARY A. daughter of Branch Wadhill.

In Milton, on the 13th June, Mr. JERRY GRAVES, Jr., of Yonkers, to Miss DONNA R., daughter of Dr. E. B. Thornton.

DIED.

In this county, on the 14th June, Mrs. RACHEL PETTY; aged 85 years.

In this county, on the 31st May, SARAH JANE, wife of John A. Melbane.

In this county, on the 10th June, DAVID C., infant son of John A. and the late Sarah Jane Melbane; aged five months.

In Nansemond county, Va., on the 24th June, Miss SARAH LAMSTER; aged 18 years.

In Gaston county, on the 17th June, of typhoid fever, Mrs. O. Z. HORTON, wife of J. M. H. Horton; aged 20 years.

In Anson county, on the 27th June, of apoplexy, Dr. THOMAS C. HALL; aged 32 years.

In Haywood, on the 27th June, of typhoid fever, Miss PEPPER S., daughter of Robert and Letitia S. Paucett; aged 17 years.

HARD TIMES AT THE WEST.

Though the west is gradually recovering from the effects of the revolution of 1857, which was one of unprecedented severity in that region, in consequence of the enormous land speculations carried on there for so long a period, yet in certain localities there is still great depression, stagnation of business and suffering. A gentleman who has just returned from that section says that in Keokuk evidence of hard times abound in the shape of fine buildings unoccupied, and others of high cost erected for a nominal sum. Stores, which a few years since brought readily \$500 per annum, now command less than \$100. The commodities of life are cheap, if the inhabitants only had the money to purchase—eggs selling for five cents per dozen and butter for ten cents per pound.

NEW WHEAT.

A lot of 200 bushels of newly threshed wheat and the first of the season, from Virginia, was sold in Philadelphia, on 'Change, Friday, for \$2 per bushel.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by R. L. Cole. Wheat 12 1/2, 13 1/2, 14 1/2, 15 1/2, 16 1/2, 17 1/2, 18 1/2, 19 1/2, 20 1/2, 21 1/2, 22 1/2, 23 1/2, 24 1/2, 25 1/2, 26 1/2, 27 1/2, 28 1/2, 29 1/2, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 32 1/2, 33 1/2, 34 1/2, 35 1/2, 36 1/2, 37 1/2, 38 1/2, 39 1/2, 40 1/2, 41 1/2, 42 1/2, 43 1/2, 44 1/2, 45 1/2, 46 1/2, 47 1/2, 48 1/2, 49 1/2, 50 1/2, 51 1/2, 52 1/2, 53 1/2, 54 1/2, 55 1/2, 56 1/2, 57 1/2, 58 1/2, 59 1/2, 60 1/2, 61 1/2, 62 1/2, 63 1/2, 64 1/2, 65 1/2, 66 1/2, 67 1/2, 68 1/2, 69 1/2, 70 1/2, 71 1/2, 72 1/2, 73 1/2, 74 1/2, 75 1/2, 76 1/2, 77 1/2, 78 1/2, 79 1/2, 80 1/2, 81 1/2, 82 1/2, 83 1/2, 84 1/2, 85 1/2, 86 1/2, 87 1/2, 88 1/2, 89 1/2, 90 1/2, 91 1/2, 92 1/2, 93 1/2, 94 1/2, 95 1/2, 96 1/2, 97 1/2, 98 1/2, 99 1/2, 100 1/2, 101 1/2, 102 1/2, 103 1/2, 104 1/2, 105 1/2, 106 1/2, 107 1/2, 108 1/2, 109 1/2, 110 1/2, 111 1/2, 112 1/2, 113 1/2, 114 1/2, 115 1/2, 116 1/2, 117 1/2, 118 1/2, 119 1/2, 120 1/2, 121 1/2, 122 1/2, 123 1/2, 124 1/2, 125 1/2, 126 1/2, 127 1/2, 128 1/2, 129 1/2, 130 1/2, 131 1/2, 132 1/2, 133 1/2, 134 1/2, 135 1/2, 136 1/2, 137 1/2, 138 1/2, 139 1/2, 140 1/2, 141 1/2, 142 1/2, 143 1/2, 144 1/2, 145 1/2, 146 1/2, 147 1/2, 148 1/2, 149 1/2, 150 1/2, 151 1/2, 152 1/2, 153 1/2, 154 1/2, 155 1/2, 156 1/2, 157 1/2, 158 1/2, 159 1/2, 160 1/2, 161 1/2, 162 1/2, 163 1/2, 164 1/2, 165 1/2, 166 1/2, 167 1/2, 168 1/2, 169 1/2, 170 1/2, 171 1/2, 172 1/2, 173 1/2, 174 1/2, 175 1/2, 176 1/2, 177 1/2, 178 1/2, 179 1/2, 180 1/2, 181 1/2, 182 1/2, 183 1/2, 184 1/2, 185 1/2, 186 1/2, 187 1/2, 188 1/2, 189 1/2, 190 1/2, 191 1/2, 192 1/2, 193 1/2, 194 1/2, 195 1/2, 196 1/2, 197 1/2, 198 1/2, 199 1/2, 200 1/2, 201 1/2, 202 1/2, 203 1/2, 204 1/2, 205 1/2, 206 1/2, 207 1/2, 208 1/2, 209 1/2, 210 1/2, 211 1/2, 212 1/2, 213 1/2, 214 1/2, 215 1/2, 216 1/2, 217 1/2, 218 1/2, 219 1/2, 220 1/2, 221 1/2, 222 1/2, 223 1/2, 224 1/2, 225 1/2, 226 1/2, 227 1/2, 228 1/2, 229 1/2, 230 1/2, 231 1/2, 232 1/2, 233 1/2, 234 1/2, 235 1/2, 236 1/2, 237 1/2, 238 1/2, 239 1/2, 240 1/2, 241 1/2, 242 1/2, 243 1/2, 244 1/2, 245 1/2, 246 1/2, 247 1/2, 248 1/2, 249 1/2, 250 1/2, 251 1/2, 252 1/2, 253 1/2, 254 1/2, 255 1/2, 256 1/2, 257 1/2, 258 1/2, 259 1/2, 260 1/2, 261 1/2, 262 1/2, 263 1/2, 264 1/2, 265 1/2, 266 1/2, 267 1/2, 268 1/2, 269 1/2, 270 1/2, 271 1/2, 272 1/2, 273 1/2, 274 1/2, 275 1/2, 276 1/2, 277 1/2, 278 1/2, 279 1/2, 280 1/2, 281 1/2, 282 1/2, 283 1/2, 284 1/2, 285 1/2, 286 1/2, 287 1/2, 288 1/2, 289 1/2, 290 1/2, 291 1/2, 292 1/2, 293 1/2, 294 1/2, 295 1/2, 296 1/2, 297 1/2, 298 1/2, 299 1/2, 300 1/2, 301 1/2, 302 1/2, 303 1/2, 304 1/2, 305 1/2, 306 1/2, 307 1/2, 308 1/2, 309 1/2, 310 1/2, 311 1/2, 312 1/2, 313 1/2, 314 1/2, 315 1/2, 316 1/2, 317 1/2, 318 1/2, 319 1/2, 320 1/2, 321 1/2, 322 1/2, 323 1/2, 324 1/2, 325 1/2, 326 1/2, 327 1/2, 328 1/2, 329 1/2, 330 1/2, 331 1/2, 332 1/2, 333 1/2, 334 1/2, 335 1/2, 336 1/2, 337 1/2, 338 1/2, 339 1/2, 340 1/2, 341 1/2, 342 1/2, 343 1/2, 344 1/2, 345 1/2, 346 1/2, 347 1/2, 348 1/2, 349 1/2, 350 1/2, 351 1/2, 352 1/2, 353 1/2, 354 1/2, 355 1/2, 356 1/2, 357 1/2, 358 1/2, 359 1/2, 360 1/2, 361 1/2, 362 1/2, 363 1/2, 364 1/2, 365 1/2, 366 1/2, 367 1/2, 368 1/2, 369 1/2, 370 1/2, 371 1/2, 372 1/2, 373 1/2, 374 1/2, 375 1/2, 376 1/2, 377 1/2, 378 1/2, 379 1/2, 380 1/2, 381 1/2, 382 1/2, 383 1/2, 384 1/2, 385 1/2, 386 1/2, 387 1/2, 388 1/2, 389 1/2, 390 1/2, 391 1/2, 392 1/2, 393 1/2, 394 1/2, 395 1/2, 396 1/2, 397 1/2, 398 1/2, 399 1/2, 400 1/2, 401 1/2, 402 1/2, 403 1/2, 404 1/2, 405 1/2, 406 1/2, 407 1/2, 408 1/2, 409 1/2, 410 1/2, 411 1/2, 412 1/2, 413 1/2, 414 1/2, 415 1/2, 416 1/2, 417 1/2, 418 1/2, 419 1/2, 420 1/2, 421 1/2, 422 1/2, 423 1/2, 424 1/2, 425 1/2, 426 1/2, 427 1/2, 428 1/2, 429 1/2, 430 1/2, 431 1/2, 432 1/2, 433 1/2, 434 1/2, 435 1/2, 436 1/2, 437 1/2, 438 1/2, 439 1/2, 440 1/2, 441 1/2, 442 1/2, 443 1/2, 444 1/2, 445 1/2, 446 1/2, 447 1/2, 448 1/2, 449 1/2, 450 1/2, 451 1/2, 452 1/2, 453 1/2, 454 1/2, 455 1/2, 456 1/2, 457 1/2, 458 1/2, 459 1/2, 460 1/2, 461 1/2, 462 1/2, 463 1/2, 464 1/2, 465 1/2, 466 1/2, 467 1/2, 468 1/2, 469 1/2, 470 1/2, 471 1/2, 472 1/2, 473 1/2, 474 1/2, 475 1/2, 476 1/2, 477 1/2, 478 1/2, 479 1/2, 480 1/2, 481 1/2, 482 1/2, 483 1/2, 484 1/2, 485 1/2, 486 1/2, 48

